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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE ANNUAL SHOW.

WITHIN the last fortnight several sterling works have issued from the press—works of a character to do permanent credit to our national literature; and more than ever welcome to us as indicating the existence of, if not the return to, something really good, in the midst of the compilation, mediocrity, misleading error, and trash, with which we have been overrun within the last dozen years. The world may believe us, in these times when the possession of money is so indispensable to the enjoyment of social life, and every separate class and interest is competing for its attainment, that ill-paid and ill-reputed authors will never produce excellent works. There will be rare exceptions of poverty and genius achieving an immortal work, and perishing at the end of the fatal struggle; but as a general rule, it may be admitted that cheap drudgery will only manufacture inferior articles. Letters, though differing essentially from all other trades, are so necessarily mixed up with the spirit of commerce, that in this respect their cultivation must follow the common principle. As in cottons, or silks, or woollens, or gloves, or hardwares, or teas, or spices, or fancy stuffs, or any other article of traffic, the low prices of competition for the supply of the market must lead to a deterioration of the commodity; for the pure and honest can only be obtained at greater cost than the trickily fabricated, made-up, and surreptitious. In the fact to which we have adverted, therefore, we trust that we truly perceive the dawn of better days for publishers, writers, and the public. When we reflect upon the mass of misinformation, and the thousands of erroneous statements respecting matters of every kind, and embracing the whole vast circle of printing, which are disseminated, under the assumed names of knowledge, intelligence, education, march of mind, and other popular delusions, our gratitude rises in proportion towards those who, under all the discouragements of the age, dedicate themselves to the task of giving us truths, and extracting the genuine golden ore and jewels of instruction from the idle dross of the surface, which every senseless slave can shovel up, and call his worthless pyrites precious metal and diamonds of the first water. Even in things of lesser consequence to the welfare of mankind, in trifles which are but sports, we cannot but feel that the perversion of public belief and opinion is degrading to the country; but it is to higher questions that our observations are meant to apply; and, above all, to enforce the precept, that the elucidation and establishment of one certain truth, of one right principle, of one good feeling, are deserving of every encouraging welcome and reward; whilst the propagation of superficial follies, the repetition of blundering fallacies, and the oracular deliverance of ignorant mistakes, all jumbled together under some grand pretension, are only deserving of reprobation and contempt.

Looking at our table we perceive Sir W. Betham's *Etruria-Celtica*, Mr. Gwilt's *Encyclopedia of Architecture*, Mr. Hamilton's *Asia Minor*, Mr. St. John's *Greece*, Mr. Mosley's *Mechanical Principles of Engineering*; and Mr. McCulloch's *Geographical Dictionary* (just completed)—publications of labour, magnitude, and mind; besides many others of pleasing interest and refined literary study (all of which we hope to review between this and Christmas). But though this gratifying sight has diverted us into an episodic introduction, we must not forget that our attention is also and more immediately invited to a number of graceful and blooming volumes, which, within the last few days, have made their appearance as our "Annual Show."

1. *The Keepsake for 1843*. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Longman and Co.—Like Prospero, but without a Tempest, Lady Blessington, waving her magic wand, has always the power to rally round her own charming performances the aid of ministering spirits of dainty flights, and fanciful conceptions, and rainbow colours, and ingenious fancies, be they mournful or amusing. The Annuals which her Ladyship edits are, therefore, always sure to contain a variegated and pleasing miscellany; such a collection of the contributions of literary friends, some eminent, some popular, but all distinguished by taste and a love of literature, as are calculated to make a winter bouquet equal to summer, and just fit to be presented as a grateful offering, at the season of kind remembrances, to the fair and accomplished objects whom we delight to honour. The *Keepsake* is just such a volume as might be desired for this purpose. Some touching lines on the portrait of Mrs. Fairlie, and from the heart, in allusion to her delicate health, have affected us most; and a well-diversified illustration, in prose, of an engraving entitled a *Bal Costumé*, by the Baroness de Calabrella (a writer who has made a sudden start into high public estimation), from its natural involutions and unexpected *dénouement*, has excited greater interest than such necessarily brief imaginings have often the skill to create. But there are other compositions of a very agreeable character, besides "the Lord of Riccia's Heir," by Lady Blessington herself; as, for example, the "Lady of Ashlynn," by Miss Theodosia Garrow; several short pieces by Miss Power and Miss Ellen Power; "Death and the Child," by Lady E. S. Wortley; and other subjects in verse, by J. Kenyon, Barry Cornwall, and R. Monckton Milnes; and in prose, by Lord J. Manners, Mrs. S. C. Hall, W. S. Landor, Lord W. Lennox, R. Bernal, Sir H. Fleetwood, &c. &c. From the aggregate of sweets we borrow, however, but a single melancholy blossom, of which Lady B. says, in a note—

"It is impossible for the editor to permit these beautiful verses to pass from under her hand without adding a word or two, which must give them additional interest. The authoress is her countrywoman, resident in a small town in a remote part of Ireland, one of a numerous family of humble fortune; and further, suffering under the heavy infliction of total loss of sight. Under circumstances like these, the genius which creates, and the energy which provides, self-cultivation, surely acquires a double value, especially when accompanied, as in the case of the writer, by a modest and unrepining spirit."

The First, by Frances Brown.

"The first, the first!—Oh! nought like this
Our after-years can bring;
For summer hath no flowers so sweet
As those of early spring.
The earliest storm that strips the trees
Still wildest seems and worst;
Whatever hath been again may be,
But never as the first."

For many a bitter blast may blow
O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
Between us and the grave;

But darker still the spot appears,
Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unlighted years—
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy—perchance 'twas vain—
Yet that brief lightning o'er,
The heart, indeed, may hope again,
But can rejoice no more.
Life hath no glory to bestow
Like it—unfallen, uncured;
There may be many an after-glow,
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on
Through manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
The morning-stars of life;
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
Though long and fondly nursed,
Yet still they want the fearless faith
Of those that blest us first.

Its first love, deep in memory
The heart for ever bears;
For that was early given and free—
Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be death hath buried deep,
It may be fate hath cursed;
But yet no later love can keep
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whatever our onward way,
The lights or shadows cast
Upon the dawning of our day
Are with us to the last.
But, ah! the morning breaks no more
On us as once it burst;
For future springs can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first."

2. *Heath's Book of Beauty for 1843*. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Longman and Co.—Except that externally the *Keepsake* glows in scarlet and gold, and the *Book of Beauty* rejoices in purple, and that there are more portraits in the latter, there is a good deal of family-likeness between the two. A number of the contributors are the same; the chief additions being Sir E. L. Bulwer, Viscount Powerscourt, Capt. Marryat, Lieut. Johns, Mrs. B. C. Wilson, and Miss Grace Aguilar. It would be a waste of time to catalogue the contributors of slight pages, however appropriate and well turned; but we may notice Mr. Disraeli, Mr. A. H. Plunkett, Sir J. Hanmer, Hon. G. Smythe, Major Mundy, Lord Leigh, Lady Stepany, Miss C. Toulmin, Mrs. Torre Holme, Hon. G. F. Berkeley, the Marchioness of Hastings, Sir W. Somerville, Mrs. Abdy, Miss J. F. Romer, Miss Virginia Murray, Major Michel, Mr. B. Simmons, Mr. C. Howard, Mr. R. Westmacott, Major Calder Campbell, Mr. F. M. Reynolds, Miss E. Scaife, &c. &c. &c., as among the number of congenial co-operators towards these acceptable productions,—more welcome at Christmas as gifts than any joyful but more sensual entertainment where the best of fare abounds, to wit, sirloin, turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pies, and "other sweetmeats."

We ought in justice, perhaps, even before Sir E. Bulwer's original "Episode in Life," or Captain Marryat's biting "Gratitude," to mention Mr. Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversation between Victoria Colonna and M. A. Buonarrotti,"—a very striking paper, and full of admirable criticism. But we can only afford room for shorter specimens; and can hardly say we select Lieutenant Johns' spirited song, and the "Mens Divinior" of Barry Cornwall.

A Song on the Launching of Lord Clarence Paget's Yacht.

"Speed thee, Pearlina fair! over the waters glide,
Like fairy nautilus, floating the ocean-tide;
Light though thy timbers be, strong hands have fashion'd
these;
Bold hearts shall pilot thee over the stormy sea.

Speed to thee, pleasure-bark! go forth in pride elate!
Health be in every breeze, light hearts thy happy freight;
Dancing waves sing to thee, mad in their ocean-glee;
Joy keep thy canvass free over the bounding sea.

Joy to thy noble crew, while the breeze wafts along
Music and revelry, blending in joyous song:
Thus let the numbers flow, 'Care to the waters throw,
Grief to the troubled sea, let the winds sigh for thee.'

Let not the tempest-burst fall on thy ocean-track:
Favouring the breezes flow, swift may they waft thee
back;

Bright eyes shall watch for thee, bark of the bold and free!
After the changing sea calm shall thy haven be."

Mens Divinior.

"Love is born in joy,
And is bred in sorrow,
Cloudy, dark to-day,
Sunshiny to-morrow;
Changing through each season
Without any reason.

Reason! let it bend
To an instinct finer;
True as are its rules,
There is "mind diviner,"
Shining o'er its summing,
Like an angel's coming.

Thoughts that pass the stars,
Love more sweet than flowers,
Faith that steadfast shines

Through the endless hours,
Brightening every season—
True, yet-passing reason.

Measure, if thou wilt,
Light, and air, and ocean;
Leave us undefaced

Our divine emotion—
Poet's, prophet's story,
And the world of glory.

You, whose poor-house balance
Weighs out want and crime;
You, whose sordid ledgers
Crush the poet's rhyme,
Leave us tears and laughter,
And the hope of hopes—eternal bright hereafter."

The frontispiece to this Annual is a group of the Queen and her two children, by W. Drummond, and engraved by W. H. Mote. Her Majesty looks almost homely maternal, and simply dressed; and the young princess and prince extremely like the re-beginning of a royal race such as inherited the domestic hearth of George III. and his faithful partner. For the rest (as translators from the French say), we think some of the beauties might be laid up in ordinary; but it is not easy to judge of works of art in books, which are equally intended for portfolios, where the amateur can appreciate their execution—not that we believe that any thing could reconcile us to the hands in the figures of the Haunted Spring (*Keepsake*), or to the poverty and defects of too many of these illustrations.

3. *The American in Paris; or, Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1845.* Longman and Co.—Illustrated by eighteen engravings, from designs by M. Eugène Lami, this volume presents a new and complicated claim to notice. The text is represented to be by an American, or by M. Jules Janin; * the designs by a Frenchman; and the translation and engravings by English hands. Perhaps if we had not been pertly told by the English translator (see note below), that this was a "lively sketch of French manners and society, &c., in every grade from the king to the peasant" (which it is no more than it is a history of the universe), and "all

given with a playfulness, impartiality, and keen satire that is seldom equalled," we might have thought it a clever-enough performance. But where the parties themselves do exaggerate and "profess too much," the reviewer's business must either be to say "ditto to Mr Burke," or to repudiate the pseudo-American issue of "paper," so vamped at *la Biddle* or Jaunson. But the author himself, it is only fair to state, is guilty of no such pretensions. On the contrary, at his departure from Paris, he frankly says—"The more I penetrated into some of the mysteries of this wonderful city, the more I found that the study of Paris was an attractive and picturesque one, but at the same time so long, that it would require the life-time of a man thoroughly to enter into it; and I had only a few days to devote to this purpose. Thus, Paris, in spite of all my efforts, seemed to me like a vision disappearing and vanishing in the distance." And in this view we can justly recommend the volume, as one containing a number of pointed remarks and well-written descriptions, characteristic sketches of classes and society, and accounts of public personages, places, and ceremonials, in a smart style, which would be relished from the pen of any un-pictured tourist, and may be received with good liking from one illustrated by Eugène Lami, whose compositions, though crowded, afford veritable ideas of Parisian fashions, resorts, and amusements,—the latter including reviews, funeral processions, and funeral orations!

In the letter-press, M. Jouy, l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin, is evidently the model on which the author has formed himself; and to be compared, even partially, with that piquant painter of manners is no mean praise. We shall copy a few touches to prove the resemblance:—

"After crossing the bridge [of Neuilly], you will find that the villas already begin to lessen. Then commence large parks of half an acre, and spacious gardens composed of four or five pots of flowers: he who only possesses a single vine, says proudly, as he leaves Paris on Saturday evening, 'I am going to my vineyard.' The Parisian is a great lover of country pleasures, in all their variety, provided only that they are near. Since he has seen so many revolutions accomplished in twenty-four hours, he does not like to be long absent from his city; so much does he fear that he shall not find, on his return, the same government there was when he left."

At the Hôtel des Princes, the *table d'hôte* is neatly shewn up:—

"There is one hour in each day, one solemn hour, when all differences of rank and fortune are forgotten. At six o'clock, when the dinner-bell is rung, you may see the guests assembling from every part of the house: this one comes from the first floor, that one descends from the garret: no matter—they will sit together, and eat with the same appetite. The table is long, spacious, and splendid. To see the golden candlesticks, full of wax candles—the interminable table-cloths, so beautifully white—the rooms decorated with flowers,—you would think it was some splendid fête: it is the daily fête, or, more properly speaking, the daily dinner. What a problem to solve! For a sum hardly large enough to pay for a meal at some *restaurateur's* in the Palais Royal, you have the use of the long table, the well-warmed room, the numerous servants, the dazzling candles, the large service of plate, the experienced cook, the three courses, in which nothing has been forgotten that earth, forest, fresh water or

salt, could produce;—all these are at your service, traveller! And at the same time, the soft voices of well-dressed and clever women are around you; great names, both French and foreign, are pronounced in your ears; the French wines—those wines which have had at least as much effect in making France popular as the language of the country,—sparkle and shine in their beautifully-coloured crystals. What enjoyment! what eaters! what admirable egoists! They talk of the freedom at the Americans' *tables d'hôte*; those who speak of it with so much bitterness have never dined at the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel des Princes. It is quite true, that as soon as dinner is over, French politeness is attentive, and eager to shew itself. They have eaten the best fruit at table, without offering any to the lady next them; yes, but then they would never consent to pass before her. The French are more polite than the Americans, perhaps; but most certainly they are equally ill-bred."

The domesticity of a private citizen is humorously portrayed:—

"Very soon arrives, in her turn, the useful servant,—that serious, melancholy being, whom the Parisian, by a singular irony, calls his *bonne*. The *bonne* is the tyrant of the house; she only has a will of her own, and does just as she pleases. She bears the children, she scolds the husband, she is a spy upon madame; she favours certain friends of the family, and shuts the door upon certain others. This cruel despotism is, nevertheless, tolerated by all the poor citizens, who do not know how to shake it off, without being obliged themselves to undertake the little details of household economy. As to being free men, I know nothing less free, strictly speaking, than the citizen of Paris. He obeys every body except himself. He obeys his wife, who up to thirty years of age is a frivolous coquette, and when past thirty is peevish and spiteful. He obeys his children, who are all little prodigies: he carries them in his arms while infants, and afterwards upon his shoulders. He obeys his *bonne*, and this is a perfect obedience: he only eats when his *bonne* makes him, he only drinks when his *bonne* allows him; he rises and goes to bed at the command of his *bonne*; even the dog of his *bonne* he must take out to walk; and woe be to him if he forgets to caress her cat. Poor man! And perhaps you think these are all his tyrants? Undeceive yourself. There is below, at the door of his house, a tyrant, a spy, a calumniator, always ready, always awake, always prejudiced against the citizen. This tyrant, this spy, this calumniator, is the portress or the porter of the house; sometimes it is both combined. The portress leaves home after the *bonne*, and when the waiting-woman has returned with her milk. The waiting-maid is too young, and has too many pleasant and fine things to do, to sympathise much with the *bonne*, who is forty years old, and the portress, who is sixty. There are some virtues which it seems natural, and therefore easy, for youth to practise. Thus the young servant condescends to take very little part in this dirty babbling, this underhand slander. Lisette or Julie is rather the friend of her mistress than her servant; she knows her most concealed secrets; she is naturally initiated into the mysteries of this boudoir which she shares. It is she who dresses her mistress in the morning, who undresses her at night; she sees the tears in her eyes, she hears the sighs that issue from her heart, she notices her joyous smile, she is always on her mistress's side, that is, for the lover, and against the husband. These are the employments, the pleasures, and the

* The translator's introduction makes this (though we believe it to be a translation from Jules Janin) doubtful, and is throughout a very dictatorial and unbecoming puff.

business of Lisette. Young women understand each other so easily and so well. They are so fond of any thing connected with love! Love equalises ranks so quickly! How, then, could Lisette join with these two rapacious, discontented, jealous old women—the portress and the *bonne*? Lisette, when she has obtained her milk, slowly ascends the staircase, and goes to prepare her own breakfast and that of her mistress, recalling meantime that Madame returned yesterday very late, and without her bouquet; that she had forgotten her right-hand glove, and was so agitated, so happy. Lisette and her mistress breakfast, this morning, from the same bread, from the same supply of milk, and perhaps from the same cup. People at twenty years old eat so little!"

Le Jeune France does not flourish in American portraiture:—

"I am no great admirer of the young men in Paris: I find them idle, self-conceited, full of vanity, and poor; they have too little time and too little money to bestow upon elegance and pleasure to be either graceful or passionate in their excesses; besides this, they are brought up with very little care, and are perfectly undecided between good and evil, justice and injustice, passing easily from one extreme to the other: to-day prodigals, to-morrow misers;—to-day republicans, to-morrow royalists. At the present time the Parisian youth, usually so courteous to ladies, cares for nothing but horses and smoking. It is the height of French fashion not to speak to women, not to bow to them, and scarcely to make way for them when they pass. I except, however, from this censure the young Parisians who resort to the great walk of the Tuileries: these still esteem women—that is, they still love them. They come here to see, in their careless morning-dresses, the young ladies with whom they danced at the ball in all the ornaments of beauty. They pass respectfully before them, for it is only here that the ladies have preserved their dominion—any where else you may consider them nothing; you may forget to bow to them, or to admire them; but you are compelled to admire them, to salute them, and to respect them, in the great walk of the Tuileries. This walk is inaccessible to the Lovelace of the Boulevard de Gand, the dandy of the Bois de Boulogne, and the frequenter of the gallery at the opera: it is as positively closed against them as against the waistcoats and helmets. Here the women protect and sustain each other: they only look complacently upon those who deserve it by the respect which they pay to them. Here matchmaking mothers bring their daughters, and the young men come to see these very daughters. The wife is accompanied by her husband, but the gentlemen make their appearance even while he is with her. In a word, what little there is left of chivalry and courteousness, of respect amongst men and reserve amongst women, of innocence and youth, of simplicity and conjugal love, in the Parisian world, has taken refuge here."

In a visit to the Institute many of its leading members are passed before our eyes like the kingly shadows in *Macbeth*: they "come like spirits, so depart;" but of others the notice is a little more substantial—thus Scribe the dramatist, whom we shall reserve for our next No.

M. Arago is another of the popular men sketched by our author, as follows:—

"That high tower, proudly erect upon its base, connected by a long avenue with the garden of the Luxembourg, is the Observatory of Paris. There lives and reigns, in a contemplation unhappily disturbed by political discords,

M. Arago himself. What a singular, incredible life! to follow at the same time the course of the planets above and the movement of popular passions below; to have one's head in the clouds, by the side of the stars, and one's feet in tumults; to predict the arrival of the comets wandering through space, and to suffer one's self to be led by popular favour, that wind which blows at random... such is the two-fold life of M. Arago. To this two-fold life of day and night he only is equal—no other person has sufficient health, strength, and courage, thoroughly to accept this double labour of the scholar and the tribune. It is a beautiful kingdom, however, this Observatory, where the only query is about the sun and the stars! It is a delightful life, spent in being the first to listen to all great discoveries! And how is it that such a man has ever allowed these sublime heights to become the ante-room of the Chamber of Deputies?"

But though this ornament of science, and no ornament of politics, has diverted us from the stage, we must "try back" to one passage connected with that subject, certainly one of the most forcible in the book, and quite as applicable to theatrical representations in London and the provinces (see observations in our last *Gazette* upon the performances of Miss Alice Lowe) as to the demoralised quarters of Paris:

"I have (says the writer, bringing forward a very striking commentary upon this subject) visited one of the most frightful prisons in Paris, called La Force. This prison was formerly the hotel of the dukes de la Force, a noble and illustrious house, much fallen, as you may see, and stripped of its ancient grandeur. Within these walls have dwelt the greatest lords of French history. At that time all was joy, pleasure, in treacherous prosperity around these famous noblemen; love, ambition, poetry, painting, and music, all the fine arts, were eager to attend their proud masters. Now, this palace of opulence and grandeur is nothing but a dirty abyss, filled with darkness, confusion, and grinding of teeth. It is no longer a house built for men; it is an iron cage made expressly for wild beasts. Shut up within these formidable walls, the prisoners are seen variously occupied: this one is lying with his face on the ground, meditating theft and murder; that one, in a feverish agitation, turns and re-turns incessantly in his melancholy enclosure, as if he sought a chink through which to escape; a third roars with laughter, whilst clenching his fists with the convulsion of rage. All the ferocious desires of the tiger you will find without trouble in these terrible figures; but these vilest of criminals have never known remorse, and that is why I hesitate to call them men. But what is most melancholy in this sad place, is to see, in the side-jail, not men, not even young men, but mere children. Unhappy beings! they were early brought to this abyss—some from an imitation of parental example, others because they have never known a mother's kiss; the largest number from having at an early age frequented those immoral shops where comedy and melodrama sell, for the lowest possible sum, their lessons of infamy and vice. One of the managers of the prison, a grave man, with much of that serious, good sense which is acquired by the contemplation of so much misery, said to us, 'I am thankful to say I have nothing to do with poetry or the theatre; I never saw a melodrama played twice in my life; I do not know the name of a single actor or actress. For twenty years I have been shut up in these walls, myself more a prisoner than all the prisoners committed to my care; but

nevertheless, I know, as well as those who take the greatest interest in the matter, all the faults and crimes that are represented by any piece which has a great run at the theatre. Every time that these unhappy children arrive here in unusual numbers, I say to myself, Assuredly they have just been extolling some great crime; and I am never mistaken. For instance: since our men of genius have begun to give to the greatest villains wit, grace, gaiety, good manners, all the appearance of well-educated men, every day there come to me fine little gentlemen in black coats, whose cravat is most carefully tied, who wear hair-rings, write love-verses upon the walls, and talk of their good fortune, just in the same way as the Duke de Caumont de la Force, whose hotel they now inhabit, would have talked in former days. Or else, the actors amuse themselves in their theatres by exalting beggars; they laugh at the frightful holes and sanguinary spots of their cloaks; they strut about insolently in the garb of galley-slaves. And this is why my young bandits, hardly released a first time, return to me, covered with rags and wounds. When they first came here they made verses; on their second appearance, they talk the vilest cant that ever was invented in their cellars by the gypsies, the banditti, the lepers, the hypocrites, and all the frightful inhabitants of the Cour des Miracles. This cant is such a beautiful language, such an exquisite mixture of vice and vulgarity! Thus the wits of the time have made it fashionable. They have revealed all its mysteries; they have found out its dialect, its chronology, its dictionary, and its grammar, as they did formerly for the poetry of Charles d'Orleans, or King René. But, sir, what a misfortune that so superior a mind as M. Victor Hugo's, for instance, has not understood all the danger of such sophistry! Thanks to him, and thanks to Vidocq—*for, to be just, Vidocq began before M. Hugo*—the cant which thieves scarcely dared to whisper in their most profound darkness, is now become quite the thing in the fashionable world. There is no well-educated girl in a good school who does not pride herself upon knowing some words of it. There is no young man of good family who has not some acquaintance with it. In all the books of our fashionable writers, does not this cant find a place? In all the plays, is not the principal conversation carried on in this language? People no longer murder on the highway, but on *fait suer le chène, sous le grand trimart*. It is no longer blood that is spilt, but *raisiné*. To speak is to *agiter le chiffon rouge*. The guillotine is the *Pabbaye de monic-à-regret*. The passion for this frightful neologism has been pushed to such an extent, that the songs composed by these characters for the women they love are sought out from the prisons, and these songs are sung in the best parts of the city. What a strange pleasure thus to love to approach the most vulgar thoughts and imaginations! What a strange passion for well-bred people, who would not for any money drink out of the saucer of a galley-slave or share his bread, to adopt, without shame, the vilest productions of his mind, and the most frightful dreams of his heart! I acknowledge, sir, that all this makes me indignant; but what can we do, except to hold ourselves always ready to receive the thieves and assassins who are made such by these literary excesses? Do not think, however, that, grey as I am growing, I am hardened against this misery. No, certainly not. Let the bandits of forty years old come to the prison of La Force, as to the ante-chamber of the scaffold, or the galleys, it matters little to me, they are hardened men, with whom nothing can be

done—hearts of iron, which cannot even be broken. But to see enter criminals of fifteen years old, thieves who have not arrived at years of discretion, children upon whom the whip ought to do justice,—to ask them as they enter, Where do you come from? and to hear them reply, I come from seeing men murder, stab, and steal in the open theatre,—this, sir, is a misery to which I cannot accustom myself, old and steeled against it as I am.' The speech of this good man has appeared to me the best literary dissertation that could possibly be made upon the dramatic art as it now exists among the French."

And truly might he have added, "and the English too."

Speaking of the buildings of Paris, the author states: "Every ten years a new quarter rises in the midst of the city; new streets proudly advance in a straight line through gardens which they cut in two, and through the oldest hotels which they overthrow. All the elevations of the city, even those least accessible, have been thus violently conquered."

Upon this "march of improvement" a recent trial has thrown much light; and it has been discovered that all this demolition and reconstruction was the work of a conspiracy among local owners, architects, and official authorities. Here, we think, the French have beaten us. But we must close; and having quoted so much of the livelier and more agreeable portions of the work, we are bound to add that, in the graver and pathetic parts, there is rather a strong inclination to the grandiloquent and inflated.

4. *The Gift: a Christmas and New-Year's Present.* MDCCCLXIII. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart; London, (our copy from) Mr. Straker.—In a brief notice of forthcoming American novelties in our No. 1342, p. 702, we announced *The Gift* as being edited by Miss Leslie, the sister of our celebrated Americo-Anglian artist; and we are now glad to be able to say that it does much credit to her superintendence, and to the Transatlantic literary and artistical talents which have been evoked for its composition. It is by far the most handsome Annual we have yet seen from across the ocean; and, what is more to the purpose still, it is occupied nearly throughout with American subjects, and is the production of native authors, painters, and engravers. The papers are longer, and consequently fewer, than in the English publications of the same genus, there being only twenty-three in all, and contributed by seventeen or eighteen writers, amongst whom are Mrs. Sigourney, Seba, and Mrs. Seba Smith, the author of "A New Home," J. Inman, and others, less known on this side of the water. The engravings are also less numerous; no more than eight, including a delicious female head on the title-page, painted by T. W., and engraved by J. Cheney. The other artists are D. Huntington, a charming composition called *Mercy's Dream*; the *News-boy*, a clever characteristic bit of common life, by H. Inman (engraver R. W. Dodson), and the text for the best story in the volume; *Egeria*, by E. Malbone; and the *Lace-cap*, by T. Sully (both engraved by J. Cheney); the *Militia Training*, a well-treated and entertaining national festa, by T. G. Clonney; *Rose Vernon*, by the same, a pleasing picture (both engraved by J. I. Pease); and lastly, the *Florentine Girl*, a sweet and expressive Italian, also by D. Huntington and J. Cheney. What we like, yea admire, in all these works is, that they appear to be clearly, carefully, and ably engraved by the very hands of the artists whose names are appended to

them; and are not the product of manufactories or machinery.

Of the contents in general, we may observe that they are as various and amusing as moderate critics, or not very fastidious readers, could desire.

5. *The New Sporting Almanac.* 1843. Edited by Wildrake. London, R. Ackermann.—A manual of all that relates to sporting events during the past year, all intelligence that may be useful to sporting men during the year to come, and a good deal of original matter, which people of every class may peruse with gratification to their curiosity. Whoever wants to lose (the phrase, we believe, is *lay out*) money on the Derby, the Oaks, the Cup, or the Leger, will find the ways pointed out to them by Mr. Wildrake; and if they do not like to follow his notions, they may go grick for a dead horse, as the privy council did on Monday for a dead sheriff, and be not a whit the better. The plates are numerous and appropriate; and the little volume, indeed, a very complete epitome of sports and sporting.

Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. 2 vols. 12mo, London, 1842. Moxon.

UNTIL only very recently it was difficult to obtain either the poems by John Keats or Alfred Tennyson; and this scarcity of their works has been the means of adding greatly to the reputation of the authors: they have been more inquired after than read, and their names better known than their poems. In many things Keats reminds us of Shelley; and Tennyson again recalls the poetry of Keats:—there is the same straining after odd compounds, the same love of far-fetched epithets—many of them very original and very beautiful; yet others too often unnatural, and not half so effective as the Doric grandeur with which Milton piled together his mighty verse. Indeed, if we look back to the productions of the greatest poets of England, we find the language in which they gave utterance to their imaginings simple and natural, and such as was then used in the every-day world. Homely, down to very homeliness, is the style of Chaucer; yet how clearly and beautifully it expresses his every thought! With Spenser too, although he indulged at times in a few obsolete phrases, yet every idea stands out bold, clear, and distinct; and, with few exceptions, his images might be cut in marble, and even in his deepest allegories we are never long at a loss to understand his meaning. And Shakspeare! many of his finest passages are so plain and so easy of comprehension, that they form lessons in common school-books, and speak home to the capacities of children. Cowper, Crabbe, and Wordsworth, are also natural writers; they very rarely allow their poetical images to overcloud the common-sense of their thoughts; and there are a host of other authors whose names we might cite, would they not make too long a catalogue, and who once having drawn their figures, left them bold, bare, and naked, without encumbering and disfiguring them with gaudily coloured and unbecoming drapery.

Alfred Tennyson is often too grand—too much overflushed with "Hyperion" images, vasty rocks, and appalling sunsets, made to measure the stature and to shake the nerves of Titans; but too big and too unnatural to be in keeping with the thoughts, manners, and feelings of such as inhabit this common work-a-day world. True enough there are poems in these volumes excelled by none

in the present day; and there were poems in his earlier productions which we had hoped to have seen corrected—pruned of their affectations and weeded of their needless conceits, then left to stand among the many immortal flowers with which the rich garden of English poetry abounds. Gray and Goldsmith—the one with his "Elegy," and the other with his "Deserted Village"—after much labour and long time spent in perfecting these delightful works, each threw down his diamond, so pure in polish, so perfect in form, and of such sunny lustre, that it would be difficult (except perhaps in the language of the *Elegy*) to add "one charm the more," or diminish "one ray," without impairing their "matchless grace." Mr. Tennyson has also, no doubt, bestowed a long interval in altering many of his earliest poems; for ten years have elapsed since they first appeared,—a long time, considering how little that is new he has added to his works since that period. But, alas! in too many instances he has spoilt what before (in spite of superabundant quaintnesses) was very beautiful; has "done those things which he ought not to have done," and left untouched what he ought to have amended. Wild although his early garden was, it contained many graceful weeds, more lovely in our eyes than the trim, stately flowers which he has planted in their stead. He has torn away, in many instances, the moss which grew about the roots of the primrose, and left the bank brown, bare, clipped, and unnatural; as if not content with stripping off a little of his superfluities, he must tear away all, and leave nature a very skeleton. He has destroyed the sweet and the fresh "underblowth," trod the moss into the mire, and crushed the little knot of violets, by trampling all their bloom and blue together among the long, dead, and matted grass with which they were partially hidden. He has taken up a scythe, instead of the shears, and too often mown all down before him; then picked up a few of the faded flowers, and stuck them into the earth again, and left them to enumber the ground.

We may be wrong in ranking him among the foremost of our young poets, as one whose step is near that throne which must ere long be vacant; and whose own fault it will be if he misses the crown to which he is "heir-apparent;" for there are others who, with steady eye and firm hand, are slowly hewing their way to the same height. In the ranks of these, Mr. Tennyson's talents and genius are allowed on every hand to place him: critics of all denominations admit him as a true and sterling poet—nay, in the kindest manner many of them have pointed out the unsightly blots with which he has disfigured his pages: all are for him; none against him: many love him "too well;" we just well enough to "chasten him" for his faults, as we have done before-time;—and shall continue so to do, until he leaves off his evil practices. With all our admiration for his fine poetical genius, we are in justice bound to do our duty, and to point out the errors into which he has fallen, whether by the advice of meddling and foolish friends, or by relinquishing the reins of his own better judgment, and dashing out at random what for the moment displeased him, without weighing and adjusting the scales; or by whatever motive he may have been induced, we shall not pause to surmise; but taking passages from his works, as they appeared in the edition published in 1833, and as they now stand in the volumes just issued, place them in juxtaposition, and shew that, in too many instances, he has marred what he might have mended.

EDITION 1833.

Mariana in the South.

"Behind the barren hill upsprung,
With pointed rocks against the light;
The crag, sharp-shadow'd, overhung
Each glaring creek and inlet bright.
Far, far, one light-blue ridge was seen,
Looming like baseless fairy-land;
Eastward a slip of burning sand,
Dark-rim'd with sea, and bare of green;
Down in the dry salt-marshes stood
That house dark-latic'd. Not a breath
Sway'd the sick vineyard underneath,
Or mov'd the dusty southernwood."

How very superior is the stanza in the old edition! what beautiful poetry—what rich painting! How silent and desolate the whole scene appears, with its "barren hill," its "pointed rocks" rising bold and bare against the light! The "crag sharp-shadow'd" overhanging and darkening the creeks which lay all beyond, bright and glaring in the sunshine; and the "light-blue ridge,"—whether rocks or hills we care not to inquire,—that looms so faint, so shadowy, and so far off, until the eye can scarcely distinguish it from the clouds and the sky, into which it seems to melt: all helping to make out the distance of a rich picture, in which the "dark-rim'd sea" belts the "dry salt-marsh," scarcely distinguishable from the slip of "burning sand," were it not marked by that "house dark-latic'd" and "sick vineyard," where nothing can grow but the dry "dusty southernwood!" How common and prosaic the line—

"The house through all the level shines!"

How paltry is the "brooding heat" and the "dusty vines," compared to the sick vineyard, over which not a breath blew, not even to shake the sea-sand off the southernwood, or open a leaf of the shrivelled vineyard! The one is a painting by Salvator Rosa, full of wild grandeur, and teeming with all the elements of

1833.

The Miller's Daughter.

"I lov'd from off the bridge to hear
The rushing sound the water made;
And see the fish that ev'ry where
In the back-current glow'd and play'd;"

Remember you that pleasant day
When, after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chestnut-buds,
That glisten'd in the April blue;
Upon the slope, so smooth and cool,
I lay, and never thought of you;
But ang'd in the deep mill-pool.

A water-rat from off the bank
Plung'd in the stream. With idle care,
Down-looking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubl'd image there;
Upon the dark and dimpl'd beck,
I wander'd like a floating light;
A full, fair form, a warm white neck,
And two white arms, how rosy white!"

He then goes on, and tells how Alice had placed a box of mignonette in the casement; and was leaning on the window-ledge, when his eye caught her image in the "troubled stream" among the circles which the water-rat had raised when plunging from the bank. But it would be a waste of time to compare the two versions; they speak for themselves; they need no comment. "Rushing down with noise" is the worst prose we have read for many a day; "rushing down with a loud noise" would be tolerable English, but very much inferior to

"The rushing sound the water made."

There are many similar alterations in the same poem, and mostly for the worse. We heartily wish Mr. Tennyson had never attempted to meddle with it: we shall never again read it in the new edition while we have the

EDITION 1842.

Mariana in the South.

"With one black shadow at its feet,
The house through all the level shines;
Close-latic'd to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines;
A faint blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before;
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright."

poetry: the other an unsightly and half-drawn outline—a house with a shadow, the blinde down, and the vine asleep; a ridge, or dry river-bed, or a low-water scene off Margate. "Look on this picture, then on this!" and who would for a moment imagine that they were both painted by the same artist?

Again, in "The Lotos-Eaters," we have a beautiful line altered for the worse: speaking of "three mountain-tops," in the old edition they are called,

"Three thunder-cloven thrones of oldest snow;"

and now stand, "Three silent pinnacles."

Another line, in "Eleanore," where the "thunder-clouds," in the early edition, are said to

"Roof noon-day with doubt and fear,"

is changed to "Roof'd the world." Here, again, is a masterly stroke blotted out.

But we shall now turn to the "Miller's Daughter;" to what was one of the sweetest and simplest of Mr. Tennyson's poems, but is now strangely mutilated. Many of its fine natural touches, such as spoke home to every heart, are struck out. It may read smoother, but it wants the reality which it before possessed: it is now clever and cold, where it was warm and glowing with life and love.

1842.

The Miller's Daughter.

"Or from the bridge I leand'to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows every where
In crystal eddies glance and poise;"

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
When, after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue;
And on the slope, an absent fool,
I cast me down, not thought of you,
But ang'd in the higher pool.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye;
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
Within the dark and dimpl'd beck."

old one by us; it is so flat, cold, formal, and rosy, when compared with the original.

We shall now glance at the opening of "Eleanore," another of our favourites—but, oh! how sadly changed!

1833.

Eleanore.

"There is a dale in Ida, lovelier
Than any in old Ionia, beautiful
With emerald slopes of sunny sward, that lean
Above the loud glen-river, which hath worn
A path through steep-down granite walls below,
Mantled with flowering tendril-twine. In front
The cedar shadowy valleys open wide,
Far seen, high over all the god-built wall,
And many a snowy-column'd range divine,
Mounted with awful sculptures—men and gods,
The work of gods; bright on the dark blue sky
The windy citadel of Ilion
Shone, like the crown of Troas.
Hither came mournful Eleanore," &c.

1842.

Eleanore.

"There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionia hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling through the clov'n ravine.
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came," &c. &c.

Which is the finest picture?—we need not ask. No true poet or true painter would hesitate a moment to decide. What grandeur and Homeric majesty there is in the one! what flat, quiet, pastoral beauty about the other; for both are beautiful—yet, how inferior! The one seems like the production of Alfred the Great; the other of Alfred the Little. But we must halt here: what we have done has been in kindness; our praise the poet needs not. We found him nodding—a sleepy muse, whose place was among the stars; and we shall hear no more such sounds until he strikes his lyre again. His second volume has, however, many new beauties, which may hereafter claim our attention.

The History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece. By J. A. St. John. 3 vols. London, R. Bentley.

THIS work is one among those we have enumerated elsewhere, as indicative of a more healthy state of literature than has of late years been witnessed in England, and, we trust, the dawning of a better day. Upon it great research and labour have been bestowed; and though the author has been unhappily reduced to a state of blindness (like Homer and Milton), his mind's eye appears to have been well and widely opened throughout the whole process of his long investigation.

An enthusiast in his admiration of the Athenian character, and rather strongly inclined to democracy and democratic principles (see, for an example among many others, page xxiv. of the Introduction), the author, it will be seen from the following quotation, has chalked out a line for himself widely different from Mitford, Keightley, and other historians of Greece,* and offering little room for the exhibition of any prejudices or partiality injurious to the general truth and accuracy of his representations. He thus explains his objects:—

"It has been my aim to open up as far as possible a prospect into the domestic economy of a Grecian family, the arts, comforts, conveniences, regulations affecting the condition of private life, and those customs and manners which communicated a peculiar character and colour to the daily intercourse of Greek citizens. For in all my investigations about the nature and causes of those ancient institutions, which during so many ages constituted the glory and the happiness of the most highly gifted race known to history, I found my attention constantly directed to the circumstances of their private life, from which, as from a great fountain, all their public prosperity and grandeur seemed to spring. Indeed, the great sources

* Mitford's is general and national, including, of course, politics, wars, &c. &c.; and Keightley's mythological: and of the latter writer we learn, with pleasure, that he is engaged in investigating Roman antiquities, with the view of doing a similar service for the mythology of Rome.—Ed. L. G.

of a nation's happiness and power must always lie about the domestic hearth. There or nowhere are sown, and for many years cherished by culture, all those virtues which bloom afterwards in public, and form the best ornaments of the commonwealth. Men are every where exactly what their mothers make them. If these are slaves, narrow-minded, ignorant, unhappy, those in their turn will be so also. The domestic example, small and obscure though it be, will impress its image on the state; since that which individually is base and little can never by congregating with neighbouring littleness become great, or lead to those heroic efforts, those noble self-sacrifices, which elevate human nature to a sphere in which it appears to touch upon and partake something of the divine. By minutely studying, as far as practicable, those small obscure sanctuaries of Greek civilisation, the private dwellings of Attica—I hoped to discover the secret of that moral alchemy by which were formed

‘Those dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.’

In these haunts, little familiar to our imagination, lay concealed the germs of law, good government, philosophy, the arts, and whatever else has tended to soften and render beautiful the human clay. That this was the case is certain; why it should have been so, we may perhaps be unable satisfactorily to explain; but that is what we shall at least attempt in the present work; and for this purpose, it will at the first glance be apparent, that the most elaborate delineation of the political institutions of Athens must prove altogether insufficient. These were but one among many powerful causes. The principal lay deeper in a combination of numerous circumstances:—a peculiarly perfect and beautiful physical organisation; a mind fraught with enthusiasm, force, flexibility, and unrivalled quickness; a buoyancy of temper which no calamity could long depress; consequent, probably, upon this, a strong religious feeling ineradicably seated in the heart; an unerring perception of the beautiful in art and nature; and lastly, the enjoyment of a genial climate, and an atmosphere pure, brilliant, and full of sunshine as their minds.”

In speaking of Athens as the asylum and city of refuge for all strangers and the persecuted of other countries (as London now is), Mr. St. John imputes much of its prosperity to this circumstance; but it strikes us as a remarkable fact, that from similar causes such opposite effects should spring, as in the cases of Athens and Rome. Are we to believe that this influx of refugees, in the former instance, was productive of only beauty and refinement; whilst, in the latter, we are told that the off-scourings of the earth formed but a band of sturdy, turbulent, and successful robbers?—But a truce to remarks.

These volumes commence with discussing the origin and antiquities of the Pelasgi, the race which, under one name or another, the author holds to have occupied the whole continent of Greece and most of the islands; though he admits there may have been, even in the earlier times, occasional fugitives of Egypt and Phœnicia. Hence he goes into a dissertation on the Pelasgic character, and the struggles between the oligarch and democratic principles which so powerfully affected the condition of every government and people.

The geography of Greece, and an account of the capital cities, next ensue; and we then come to the more specific considerations announced in the preface. Taking the lead, as

it ought, the first subject is education; upon which the author says:—

“Whether on education the Greeks thought more wisely than we do or not, they certainly contemplated the subject from a more elevated point of view. They regarded it as the matrix in which future generations are fashioned, and receive that peculiar temperament and character belonging to the institutions that presided at their birth. Their theories were so large as to comprehend the whole development of individual existence, from the moment when the human germ is quickened into life until the grave closes the scene, and in many cases looked still further; for the rites of initiation and a great part of their ethics had reference to another world. On this account we find their legislators possessed by extreme solicitude respecting the character of those teachers into whose hands the souls of the people were to be placed, to receive the first principles of good or evil, to be invigorated, raised, and purified by the former, or by the latter to be perverted, or precipitated down the slopes of vice and effeminacy, by which nations sink from freedom to servitude. Among them, moreover, it was never matter of doubt, whether the light of knowledge should be allowed to stream upon the summits of society only, or be suffered to descend into its lower depths, and visit the cottages of the poor. Whatever education had to impart was, in most states, imparted to all the citizens, as far as their leisure or their capacity would permit them to receive it. The whole object, indeed, of education among the Greeks was to create good citizens, from which it has by some been inferred that they confined their views to the delivering of secular instruction. But this is to take a narrow and ignorant view of the subject, since religion was not only an element of education, but regarded as of more importance than all its other elements taken together. For it had not escaped the Hellenic legislators, that in many circumstances of life man is placed beyond the reach and scrutiny of laws and public opinion, where he must be free to act according to the dictates of conscience, which, if not rightly trained, purified, and rendered clear-sighted by religion, will often dictate amiss. It is of the utmost moment, therefore, that in these retired situations man should not consider himself placed beyond the range of every eye, and so be tempted to lay the foundation of habits which, begun in secrecy, may soon acquire boldness to endure the light, and set the laws themselves at defiance. Accordingly over those retired moments, in which man at first sight appears to commune with himself alone, religion was called in to teach that there were invisible inspectors, who registered, not only the evil deeds and evil words they witnessed, but even the evil thoughts and emotions of the heart,—the first impulses to crime in the lowest abysses of the mind. Consistently with this view of the subject, we discover every where in Greek history and literature traces of an almost puritanical scrupulousness in whatever appeared to belong to religion; so that, in addressing the Athenians, St. Paul himself was induced to reproach them with the excesses of their devotional spirit, which degenerated too frequently into superstition. But the original design with which this spirit was cultivated was wise and good, its intention being to rescue men from the sway of their inferior passions,—from envy, from avarice, from selfishness,—and to inspire them with faith in their own natural dignity, by representing their actions as of sufficient importance to excite the notice, provoke the anger, or conciliate

the favour of the immortal gods. This religion, which base and sordid minds regard as humiliating to humanity, was by Grecian lawgivers and founders of states contemplated as a kind of holy heaven, designed by God himself to pervade, quicken, and expand society to its utmost dimensions. The question which commands so much attention in modern states, viz. whether education should be national and uniform, likewise much occupied the thoughts of ancient statesmen; and it is known that in most cases they decided in the affirmative.”

As principles are immutable, and human nature, however modified by circumstances, always very nearly the same, it will not be difficult to apply the foregoing to the important question which continues to occupy so much public attention in Great Britain, as well as in all the great countries of Europe. The following chapters treat of the ceremonies and practices which attended the births of children, of infanticide, and of the manner of teaching the young idea: with an interesting extract descriptive of which, we must, for the present, take our leave of Mr. St. John.

“Our readers, we trust, will not be reluctant to enter a Greek nursery, where the mother, whatever might be the number of her assistants, generally suckled her own children. Their cradles were of various forms, some of which, like our own, required rocking, while others were suspended like sailors’ hammocks from the ceiling, and swung gently to and fro when they desired to pacify the child, or lull it to sleep: as Tithonus is represented in the mythology to have been suspended in his old age. Other cradles there were in the shape of little portable baskets, wherein they were carried from one part of the harem to another. It is probable too, that, as in the east, the children of the opulent were rocked in their cradles wrapped in coverlets of Milesian wool. Occasionally in Hellas, as every where else, the nurse’s milk would fail, or be scanty, when they had recourse to a very original contrivance to still the infant’s cries; they dipped a piece of sponge in honey, which was given it to suck. It was probably under similar circumstances that children were indulged in figs; the Greeks entertaining an opinion that this fruit greatly contributed to render them plump and healthy. They had further a superstition that by rubbing fresh figs upon the eyes of children they would be preserved from ophthalmia. The Persians attributed the same preventive power to the petals of the new-blown rose. When a child was wholly or partly dry-nursed, the girl who had charge of it would, under pretence of cooling its pap, commonly made of fine flour of spelt, put the spoon into her own mouth, swallow the best part of the nourishment, and give the refuse to the infant,—a practice attributed by Aristophanes to Cleon, who swallowed, he says, the best of the good things of the state himself, and left the residue to the people. All the world over the singing of the nurse has been proverbial. Music breathes its sweetest notes around our cradles. The voice of woman soothes our infancy and our age; and in Greece, where every class of the community had its song, the nurse naturally vindicated one to herself. This sweetest of all melodies—

‘Redolent of joy and youth,’

was technically denominated *Katabaukalesis*, of which scraps and fragments only, like those of the village-song which lingered in the memory of Rousseau, have come down to us. The first verse of a Roman nursery-air, which still,

Pignorius tells us, was sung in his time by the mothers of Italy, ran thus:—

'Lalla, Lalla; dorme aut lacte.
Lalla, Lalla; sleep or suck.'

The Sicilian poet, whose pictures of the ancient world are still so fresh and fragrant, has bequeathed to us a Katabaukalesis of extreme beauty and brevity which I have here paraphrastically translated:—

'Sleep ye, that in my breast have lain,
The slumber sweet and light,
And wake, my glorious twins, again
To glad your mother's sight.
O happy, happy be your dreams,
And blest your waking be,
When morning's gold and ruddy beams
Restore your smiles to me.'

The philosopher Chrysippos considered it of importance to regulate the songs of nurses; and Quintilian, with a quaint but pardonable enthusiasm, would have the boy who is designed to be an orator placed under the care of a nurse of polished language and superior mind. He observes, too, that children suckled and brought up by dumb nurses will remain themselves dumb, which would necessarily happen had they no other person with whom to converse. When the infant was extremely wakeful, the soothing influence of the song was heightened by the aid of little timbrels and rattles hung with bells. A very characteristic anecdote is told of Anacreon *apropos* of nurses. A good-humoured wench with a child in her arms happening one day to be sauntering *more nutricula*, through the Panionion, or Grand Agora of Ionia, encountered the Teian poet, who, returning from the Bacchic Olympics, found the streets much too narrow for him, and went reeling hither and thither as if determined to make the most of his walk. The nurse, it is to be presumed, felt no inclination to dispute the passage with him; but Anacreon, attracted, perhaps, by her pretty face, making a timely lurch, sent both her and her charge spinning off the pavement, at the same time muttering something disrespectful against 'the brat.' Now, for her own part, the girl felt no resentment against him, for she could see which of the divinities was to blame; but loving, as a nurse should, her boy, she prayed that the poet might one day utter many words in praise of him whom he had so rudely vituperated; which came to pass accordingly, for the infant was the celebrated Cleobulus, whose beauty the Teian afterwards celebrated in many an ode. Traces of the remotest antiquity still linger in the nursery. The word *baby*, which we bestow familiarly on an infant, was, with little variation, in use many thousand years ago among the Syrians, in whose nursery-dialect *babia* had the same signification. *Tatta* too, *pappa*, and *mamma*, were the first words lisped by the children of Hellas. And, from various hints dropped by ancient authors, it seems clear that the same wild stories and superstitions that still flourish there haunted the nursery of old. The child was taught to dread Empusa, or Onoskelis, or Onoskolon, the monster with one human foot and one of brass, which dwelt among the shades of night, and glided through dusky chambers and dismal passages to devour 'naughty children.' The fables which filled up this obscure part of Hellenic mythology were scarcely less wild than those the Arabs tell about their Marids, their Efreets, and their Jinn; for Empusa, the phantom-minister of Hecate, could assume every various form of God's creatures, appearing sometimes as a bull, or a tree, or an ass, or a stone, or a fly, or a beautiful woman. Shakspeare, having caught, perhaps, some glimpse of this superstition, or inventing in a

kindred spirit, attributes a similar power of transformation to his mischievous elf in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, located on Empusa's native soil:—

'I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar.
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn.'

It was this spectral being that was said to appear to those who performed the sacrifices to the dead, to men overwhelmed with misfortune, and travellers in remote and dismal roads; as happened to the companions of Apollonios of Tyana, who, in journeying on a bright moonlight night, were startled by the appearance of Empusa, which having stood twice or thrice in their way, suddenly vanished. To protect themselves against this demon the superstitious were accustomed to wear about them a piece of jasper, either set in a ring, or suspended from the neck. The Lamia too, fierce and beautiful, the ancestress of our 'White ladies' and of the Katakhanas or Vampire of the modern Greeks, roamed through solitary places to terrify, delude, or destroy good folks, big or little, who might lose their way amid moonlit crags or shores made white with bones and sea-shells. They loved to relate 'around the fire o' nights,' how Lamia had once been a beautiful woman caressed and made the mother of a fair son by Zeus; how Hera through jealousy had destroyed the boy; and how thereupon Lamia took to the hush and devoted her wretched immortality to the destroying of other women's children. According to another form of the tradition, there were many Lamiæ, so called from having capacious jaws, inhabiting the Libyan coast, somewhere about the Great Syrtis, in the midst of sand-hills, rocks, and wastes of irreclaimable aridity. Formed above like women of surpassing beauty, they terminated below in serpents. Their voice was like the hissing of an adder; and whatever approached them they devoured. Another race of wild and grotesque spirits were the Kohaloi, companions of Dionysos, who doubtless subsist still in our woods and forests under the name of goblins and hobgoblins. Our Elves and Trolls and Fairies appear likewise to belong to the same brood, though in these northern latitudes they have become less mischievous and more romantic, delighting the eyes of the wayfarer by their frolics and gambols, instead of devouring him.

'Fairly elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.'

Though, as we have seen, weak children were unscrupulously sacrificed at Sparta, they still made offerings to the gods in favour of the strong. The ceremony took place annually during certain festivals, denominated Tithenidia, when, in a moment of hospitality, they not only made merry themselves, but overlooked their xenelasia, and entertained generously all such strangers as happened to be present. The banquet given on this occasion was called Kopis; and, in preparation for it, tents were pitched on the banks of the Tiasa, near the temple of Artemis Corythalia. Within these, beds formed of heaps of herbs were piled up and covered with carpets. On the day of the festival the nurses proceeded thither with the male children in their arms; and, presenting them to the goddess, offered up as victims a number of suck-

ing-pigs. In the feast which ensued, loaves baked in an oven, in lieu of the extemporary cake, were served up to the guests. Choruses of Corythalistriae, or dancing-girls, were likewise performed in honour of the goddess; and in some places persons, called Kyritoi, in wooden masks made sport for the guests. Probably it may have been on occasions such as this that the nurses, like her in *Romeo and Juliet*, gave free vent to their libertine tongues, and indulged in those appellations which the tolerant literature of antiquity has preserved. When children were to be weaned, they spread, as the moderns do, something bitter over the nipple, that the young republican might learn early how—

'Full in the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flower its bubbling venom flings.'

In fine (till we can again attend to Mr. St. John), we may say that his work gives a distinct and comprehensive view of the interior of Greece, its domesticity and manners; whereas preceding authors, however eminent, have sketched more of the exterior history of this most interesting people.

BETHAM'S ETRURIA-CELTICA.

[Second Notice.]

We are not sure that we did not express ourselves too hardly last week relative to the typographical errors in this important work; for though they certainly disfigure it, we cannot say that they do any actual injury to the sense, which cannot be detected as printer's, not as author's blunders. But a strong feeling of the nature and value of Sir W. Betham's researches exposed us to be more provoked even by superficial blemishes; and we exploded accordingly with more warmth than a se'night's cooler judgment allows us to insist upon, though we still continue to regret these imperfections.*

We now return to our task, which we purpose to continue (though, owing to the influx of other novelties, in short papers) throughout several of our *Gazettes*.

'*Asar* (says Sir William, speaking of the origin of his inquiries) in Irish means God, literally 'of ages the ruler.' This first induced me to believe that the Etruscans were a Celtic race; and if so, that the Irish language might be ancillary to the explanation and interpretation of the Etruscan inscriptions. Physiology and ethnography are now fashionable sciences, and have been very properly brought forward to assist in demonstrating the different races of mankind. Profound learning, industry, and talent have been employed; an ethnographic map of the world has been projected; many volumes of ingenious speculation and learned discussion have appeared on the subject; and what is the tangible result? Is the subject understood, or have any of the difficult questions been answered satisfactorily? The attempt to extract from the Greek and Roman writers any consistent account of the origin, language, manners, or customs, of their more polished and civilised predecessors has proved abortive. As well might we expect a history of the Romans, or their literature and arts, from the barbarians who overcame and destroyed their empire. It is from their own writers, the remains of their literature, and the arts which survived the catastrophe, that we

* That our censure may be rightly understood, we open vol. i. at page 92-3, and find "temple (Cronos) Saturn," of wanting, but put into the opposite page—"of his works." But we find also, same page, "*hetra* Etruscan;" and "*opera pretium erit*"—samples of illiterate error, too often repeated.—Ed. L. G.

can alone derive any certain knowledge. The Greeks and Romans were in the same relative position with their civilised predecessors, as the barbarous German, and other northern tribes, held to themselves; and we shall ever remain in ignorance of the true history of the Phœnicians and Etruscans, unless we be able to extract something certain from the remains of those people themselves, to be found in the inscriptions, and works of art which have escaped the destroying hands of Greek and Roman. Whatever the Greeks knew of the Phœnicians, or the Romans of the Etruscans, or other more ancient people, they knew imperfectly; nor could they give any thing like an accurate account of them; for which reason all the deductions made, as to their manners or customs, from their writings by modern ethnographers, are involved in obscure and contradictory anomalies. From reading the works of modern ethnographers, the mind can derive nothing certain; the testimony brought forward leaves no other impression than a misty conclusion, that the writers had not acquired sufficient knowledge to instruct others, or even to satisfy themselves. They speak of the Pelasgoi, Tyrrheni, Raseni, Osci, Umbri, &c., as of distinct and separate races, without knowing whether they were so, or merely denominations of the same people, designating their localities, occupations, or circumstances. A German professor states, that there is no certainty of the meaning of any words in Tuscan language, except two, *evil* and *rich*, which he says certainly mean *visit unus*: but which is the verb, and which the substantive, he does not know! Again; he observes, that the Italian savans, who supposed the Umbrian idiom to have been nearly allied to the Etruscan, or even took the Eugubine inscriptions as specimens of the Tuscan language, were greatly mistaken. The orthographical systems of the two languages differ widely. The Tuscan has no mute consonants of the soft or middle class; only terms and aspirates. The Umbrian has soft mutes, and scarcely any trace of aspirates."

After commenting on other points of this conjecturing and darkening, the author arrives at his own conclusion:—

"It would be very strange indeed if these writings were not intelligible to scholars who had studied the Irish language from the ancient MSS., and were endued with a moderate proportion of taste for philological criticism. If the Umbrians were Celts, and if all the Etruscans spoke their language, by whatever name of locality they were denominated over all Etruria and Italy, then were they also Celts; and all their inscriptions being intelligible in Celtic, establish the required result."

And we have also the following valuable truth enunciated in a preceding page:

"Language alone supplies unquestionable and irrefragable testimony of a people's origin. It is a chain of evidence which, though it may be disfigured and obscured, cannot be altogether broken or its character obliterated: some evidence will continue, even if the broad and distinguishable features of the tongue have ceased by the attrition of subjection to a foreign enemy. Even if a people be exterminated, and their language lost and forgotten, some traces of the latter will be found in the topographical names of the country they once inhabited."

The last period contains a position and argument to which in our opinion too much importance cannot be given: it lays down a ground which ought never to be lost sight of,—opens a tract which, the more closely it is explored, will furnish the more certain data for arriving

at the right and true conclusions. We now touch upon Sir William's theory:—

"In the infancy of the human race language consisted of the most simple uncompounded sounds—every syllable was a word; to express a compound idea, as many words were used as would convey the intended notion. These monosyllabic words, of which, in combination, polysyllables have been formed, are called roots or radicals, out of which more artificial and compounded languages have arisen. It may be safely asserted, that the more remotely ancient the language, the more simple will be found its construction: this will be found the best test of the antiquity of any language; by it all questions of the greater antiquity of tongues may be decided; the language in which the monosyllabic roots alone are found may safely be judged to be the parent of any more compounded and polysyllabic kindred tongue. The Etruscan language is entirely composed of roots; every syllable (with very few, if any, exceptions) is a word. The Ibero-Celtic, like its Etrusco-Punic ancestor, was once absolutely, and still is substantially, a monosyllabic language, and can be analytically reduced into its elements. The Etruscan is, in fact, the simple uncompounded Celtic or Phœnician; and the Celts were Phœnician colonies, settled indeed at different periods, but all essentially and substantially one race, having the same language, manners, customs, and habits—each, perhaps, having a peculiar shade of difference induced by particular local circumstances or other accidents."

As an illustration, it is added:—

"It is a singular fact, not generally known, that the most ancient Latin MSS. in Europe were written by Irishmen, and the most ancient European MSS. are in the Irish language. I have in my own library MSS. unintelligible to common Irish scholars; and as the Irish are in general very happy in sobriquets, I have seen a MS. bearing the singular title of *Fuath na bh fomairidh* (*φρατὴν βρομαγριτῶν*), 'the hatred of the pirates,' or pretended scholars, given to it because those worthies could not read it. The present Irish vernacular has a very limited vocabulary, only so much as is necessary for the purposes of rural life and the wants of the peasant. Nine-tenths of the language have become obsolete, and only to be found in ancient glossaries and MSS. Fortunately, the labours of a few scholars within the last two centuries have collected the ancient words into the form of a dictionary; among these the late Mr. William Halliday (the compiler of the best Irish Grammar) deserves honourable mention: by his premature death Irish literature sustained a heavy loss. That learned and talented individual collected materials on the basis of Shaw's *Gaelic Dictionary*, which the late Edward O'Reilly added to and published: four-fifths of the words contained in this work are now obsolete and unintelligible to the Scottish Highlander and the speakers of Irish of the present day."

"The most ancient compositions in the Irish language are four poems attributed to Amergin, or Ammuirgan, who is said to have been son of Milesian, or Milesius, as he is more generally styled, giving the name a Latin termination. He was brother to Heber, Heremon, Ir, and the other brethren, the chiefs of the colony of Celts who are said to have conquered Ireland near ten centuries before the Christian era. These poems are found in the books of Leacan, Ballymote, and the book of Conquests, copied from more ancient MSS. now lost, or, if existing, unknown. In all these books the

glosses, or scholia, are various and extended, each scholiast endeavouring to make out a meaning, but all have been singularly unfortunate. They have not been able to give a rational rendering of sense, and have perverted the whole so much as to render them ridiculous and contemptible, as has been the case with most of the translations from the ancient Irish, producing feelings of little respect, if not of derision, in the learned of other nations, for Irish literature. The Irish writers for the last two centuries have certainly obscured the dignity and beauty of their ancient literature by puerile conceits and absurd attempts at translation. Some have declared these poems of Amergin to be mere jargon without meaning, a kind of *fee fau fum*; others, that one of these poems, the second on our list, beginning, 'φιορ φιορ δὲ δα,' was a judgment of Amergin between the Tuath de Danans and their Milesian invaders, on the modest proposal of the former, that the latter, having taken them by surprise, should go a certain distance to sea, so as to give them an opportunity of exercising their magic against them, and fighting them on more equal terms. The name of Amergin may be imaginary, and the title of the first poem mistaken for the name of the poet; *Am muir* 341 meaning nothing more than the wide or extended ocean sea. One of these poems is an account of the passage of a ship across the Bay of Biscay to Ireland; being, as it were, an Irish account of the event celebrated in the Eugubian Tables. The language of these poems bears a most striking and extraordinary resemblance to that of the Etruscan Tables. It is monosyllabic, many of the expressions are the same, and the style of the whole is very like. There can be no doubt of their very remote antiquity, being handed down by successive transcribers for centuries, who, ignorant of their meaning, had no motive for deception; they transcribed them from more ancient copies to preserve them as ancient monuments of their country, admitting their incapability to develop their meaning. They have been nearly as much a sealed book as the Eugubian Tables. Our readers may now form a just estimate of the identity of the ancient Ibero-Celtic with the Etruscan of the Tables of Gubbio, and satisfy themselves from these translations, that the comparison made between them is not a credulous, nor over-stretched effort of imagination; but that the author may reasonably demand the judgment of the learned and the public, affirming the identity of the Celtic and Etruscan tongues, which to him appears established by irresistible evidence."

But here we pause; and whilst we are writing this review, there is placed before us from Leipzig another very learned work on the same subject, and differing *toto caelo* from the explanations and translations of Sir William Betham. It is entitled *Inscriptiones Umbricæ et Oscæ quotquot adhuc reperte sunt omnes. Ad ectypa monumentorum a se confecta edidit C. R. Lepsius* (pp. 208).

Dr. Lepsius is a high authority on philological subjects; and he quotes Dempster, Miller, Grotefend, and many other commentators, in support of his reading of these Umbrian and Oscan remains, of which it must suffice for the present to state, that they do not read even in the same way as Sir W. B.—i. e. from right to left—but the contrary, and that there is not a single coincidence between them!!! Where Sir William read *TAH*, and translates that monosyllable from the old Irish, Dr. Lepsius reads

HAT, and thinks it stands for the Emperor Hadrian!!!

Midsummer Eve: a Tale. 3 vols.

Saunders and Odey.

A VERY slight story, but a sufficient thread to string upon it minute descriptions of London and its suburbs, the Islington, Fulham, &c., of the olden time; long examinations of heretics by Bishop Bonner and his contemporaries; and some few other historical matters familiar to every reader. In short, the work is commonplace, and not remarkable for originality.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 14th.—Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair. This being the first meeting of the session, numerous donations were announced as having been received during the vacation, viz. 119 volumes, 16 maps and charts, 113 numbers of periodicals, 2 models, and a volume of sketches in Afghanistan by Atkinson. The memoirs received were next announced by the secretary, who then proceeded to read extracts from various letters, &c.

1. Captain James Ross's detailed report of his late expedition to the south pole. The result of this voyage has, however, been before the public.

2. Two letters from Mr. Schomburgk were then read; by which it appears that Mr. Schomburgk had explored the river Takutu to its source, in about $19^{\circ} 45'$ north latitude. The Takutu is a tributary of the Rio Branco, into which it falls at San Joachim; and its source is so far to the eastward, that Mr. Schomburgk procured bearings of his old acquaintances the Wangwai and Amucu mountains, near the junction of the Yuawari with the Essequibo. The highest mountains in the vicinity of the upper Takutu cannot be less than 5000 feet. All the mountains are granitic, with masses of quartz; but no igneous rocks were seen. Mr. Schomburgk has made observations of the magnetic intensity at Waraputa, at Pisara, and near the sources of the Takutu, &c. The tropical winter commenced on Sunday, 29th May,—an uncommonly late period. Mr. Schomburgk has subsequently returned to Demerara in good health.

3. A letter from the secretary, Mr. Buist, of the Bombay branch of the Royal Geographical Society, states that the society is still alive and active; but it experiences so much difficulty in getting its transactions printed at Bombay, as to have had thoughts of sending them home for that purpose.

4. A letter from Patris states, that the *Itinerary* of Sir W. Gell, and the accounts of routes and distances in the *Modern Traveller* and in Murray's *Handbook*, are remarkably correct: nor has any change or improvement taken place in the mode of travelling, which is performed on horseback every where, except in the immediate vicinity of Athens. And so far from "good roads having been constructed, affording easy communication with every part of the country," as has been asserted, being the case, it is a fact that the only roads that have been made passable for carriages are those from the Piræus to Athens, and from Athens to Eleusis—that across the Isthmus of Corinth, and the old road between Nauplia and Argos. "All others," says the writer, "are mere mule-tracks, and have yearly been becoming worse. The bridges even have been allowed to fall into a dangerous state of dilapidation, while some that

have been carried away by torrents have never been replaced. When these torrents are suddenly swollen by rains, it becomes dangerous to ford them; and every winter lives are lost in making the attempt."

5. Parts of a letter from Prof. Chaix of Geneva were next communicated, detailing an excursion in the Alps, in company with the Prince Alexander of Prussia, who is residing in the neighbourhood of Vevay, under the title of Count de Tecklenburg. It appears that the prince is an extraordinary pedestrian, having accomplished in twelve hours what the best walker in the valley takes sixteen hours to perform. This excursion was to the summit of Mont Buet; and on arriving there, they came on the border of a crevice, which had nearly proved fatal to them. M. Chaix gives the heights of various mountains; and promises to send, as soon as he has finished constructing them, the maps of the places he has explored.

6. By a letter from Asia Minor it appears that Mr. Radger, who has gone on a mission amongst the Nestorians, has taken the direct road from Samsun to Mosul. It is feared he will find some difficulty in penetrating into the Nestorian country, on account of the pasha being at war with the Kurds of Amadilh. Dr. Grant went to Urumiah by a route south of the Nestorian mountains; but at present almost all access to or egress from Persia is impossible, on account of the threatened war with Turkey. The Kurds along the whole frontier on both sides are plundering and robbing; and it is dangerous to attempt a passage into Persia. Both nations have accepted the mediation of Britain and Russia; and it may be hoped that security will soon be restored. The Lazarist missionaries are very busy in these parts, endeavouring to bring the various sects into their communion. It is not likely the missionaries will be successful with the Nestorians in the mountains, but it is by no means improbable that those in the plains may be prevailed upon.

7. A letter was next read from Dr. Robinson, being the expression of that gentleman's thanks for the gold medal lately awarded to him by the society for his Biblical Researches in Palestine, &c. The letter concludes in these words: "Permit me likewise to say, that I place a still higher value upon this award as a favourable token in behalf of the kindly interchange of respect and good offices between the literary and scientific communities of the two countries, and as thus having an influence to strengthen the mutual ties which ought for ever to bind together two mighty nations—one in the spirit of enterprise and liberty, as they are one in ancestry and blood."

8. A letter from Mr. Burnes, announcing to the society the desire expressed by the Geographical Society of Bombay to have a portrait of the late lamented Sir A. Burnes, and requesting permission for a copy to be made of the very correct portrait of Sir Alexander painted and presented to the society by Mr. Brockedon. It is needless to add, that the council have, with great pleasure, unanimously acceded to the request of Mr. Burnes.

9. Finally, it was announced by the secretary, that the Société de Géographie de Paris had awarded one of its silver medals to Mr. Dease for his arctic discoveries; and another to Mr. Schomburgk for his researches in British Guiana.

10. Baron Clement de Bode, who was present at the meeting, obligingly exhibited some sketches he had made of antiquities in the Bakhtiari country; and has promised some notes of his travels.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 1st.—Professor Graham in the chair. Read, a paper by Prof. Graham "On heat of combinations: Part I. heat evolved in the hydration of oil of vitriol, and other magnesian sulphates." The apparatus employed was exhibited. It consisted simply of a large platinum crucible, a stirrer, and a delicate mercurial thermometer of very small bulb. The quantity of water used was constant, namely, 1000 grains, and relatively large, so as to render the change of the specific heat of the fluid insensible. The results are therefore comparative, and express relative quantities of heat.

The heat evolved by each atom of water successively, added to the concentrated oil of vitriol, or the simple sulphate of water, is expressed in a table; 30.68 grains of oil of vitriol being the quantity diffused through 1000 grains of water. From the results the author infers, that after the formation of hydrate of water $\text{HO}, \text{SO}_3 + \text{HO}$ (the crystallisable acid of sp. gr. 1.78), the hydration advances by two atoms at a time. Acid containing already 50 atoms of water still gives out 0.10 degree by further dilution. On full hydration and solution of the following sulphates taken in equivalent quantities, the heat evolved is as follows:—

Sulphate of copper . . .	30.74
Sulphate of water . . .	30.36
Sulphate of zinc . . .	40.20
Sulphate of magnesia . . .	40.36

The degree of cold from the solution of the crystallised salts was likewise ascertained; as also the heat of different hydrates of the same salts, and of their double salts.

A paper, by Dr. J. Stenhouse, "On pyrogallous acid, and some of the substances which yield it." The process found most advantageous for the preparation of this acid consists in dissolving in cold water the soluble matter of gall-nuts—reducing them to perfect dryness by evaporation, and then sublimating at 400° in an apparatus similar to that employed for benzoic acid. The characters, properties of, and tests for, this acid were then given. Dr. Stenhouse finds the formula of its composition $\text{C}_4\text{H}_4\text{O}_4$, and not $\text{C}_6\text{H}_4\text{O}_6$, as given by Berzelius; and he thinks that pyrogallous acid does not combine with the alkalies, but becomes of a brown colour from the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere.

A paper by Mr. G. Fownes "On the analysis of organic substances containing nitrogen." The circumstance which led to the present note on the analysis of azotised organic bodies, the author states, was an attack lately made by M. Reiset on the new method of determining the nitrogen in such cases, put into practice with great apparent success by M.M. Will and Varrentrapp of Giesen. After drawing a favourable contrast between the new method and those previously in use when the proportion of nitrogen to be determined is small, Mr. Fownes proceeds to inquire into the validity of the objections to it. It is stated by M. Reiset, that when sugar is burned, with the usual mixture of hydrate of soda and lime, in fine powder, and the gases evolved conducted into hydrochloric acid, an addition of pure chloride of platinum, and evaporation to dryness, gives rise to a quantity of the double chloride of platinum and ammonium, indicating in some experiments 1 to 1.5 per cent of nitrogen in the body analysed; and as this was considered too great to be attributed to accidental impurity, it was ascribed to the absorption of the nitrogen of the air contained in the tube by the mixture of carbonaceous matter and alkali, and the subsequent conversion of the cyanide so formed into ammonia;

and this idea was strengthened by repeating the experiment with the tube filled with hydrogen instead of air, when the production of ammonia was found to be lessened. According to Mr. Fownes, when the finest sugar-candy was thus burned, a certain quantity of the yellow platinum salt always remained upon the filter after washing with the mixture of alcohol and ether; but this quantity, instead of indicating 1 per cent or more of nitrogen, gave in three experiments only .06 per cent—a quantity attributable to impurity. Tartaric acid and charcoal made from white sugar gave similar results; the ammonia amounting to a mere trace, doubtless due to foreign admixture. Hence it is inferred that the material used by the objector to the process was impure. A number of analyses of substances of known composition, made with a view of trying the process, and in which the results are very near the theoretical quantities, are appended to the paper, as farther evidence of the value of this method of investigation.

PREPARATION OF ÆTHERS.

THE production of the combinations of æther with inorganic acids has not been found to be attended with any difficulty. We can obtain hyponitric æther, the sulphuric and nitric methylic æthers, &c., by the direct action of the inorganic acids on the hydrated æthereal bases. Such is not, however, the case with the organic acids. A number of contrivances have been called into play to induce these bodies to combine with the æthereal base. . . .

The method of M. de Claubry may possibly be very advantageous in some instances; but it is a matter of doubt whether the old methods, with some slight modifications, will not be found preferable in most cases. A method which has lately come considerably into practice, and which is particularly applicable to the fatty acids, is, to dissolve the organic acid in alcohol or wood-spirit, and to pass a current of hydrochloric acid gas through the solution. Another method, which we can recommend from extensive personal experience, is to mix equal quantities of the alcohol and organic acid together, and to add to this a small quantity (a quarter or an eighth) of sulphuric acid. The mixture is poured into a flask, into which a cork is fitted, through which passes an upright thin tube, about five feet long. The flask is heated either by a sand-bath or a spirit-lamp, and the mixture allowed to boil gently for several hours. The length of tube causes all the spirituous vapours to be condensed and to flow back, so that no loss of substance occurs. For many æthers this method is infinitely preferable to those generally in use. To mention only one more particularly, we might adduce the preparation of mucic æther. By Malagutti's method it is obtained quite black, and can only be obtained pure by often-repeated crystallisations. By the above-described method it requires only one crystallisation, and is obtained of a most beautiful white colour.—*Editors of Chemical Gazette (abridged by Ed. L. G.).*

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 11, 1842.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of Nov. 7.—M. Pouillet read a memoir entitled *Considérations sur les lois générales de la population*.

M. Flourens a seventh memoir in continuation of his researches on the development of bone. In former articles he examined the office of the medullary membrane, or periosteum, in the formation of bone, and considered it only as an organ for the re-absorption of the

bone. But this internal periosteum, he says, is also an organ for the formation of the bone. This peculiar property of formation is the more evident (because it is then much increased) when the external periosteum is destroyed. Two forces then concur in the formation of bone—the force of the external, and the force of the internal, periosteum. In the normal, in the ordinary state, each of these forces preserves its proper limits: the external periosteum produces, or incessantly repairs, the exterior bone; the internal, the interior, the spongy tissue of the bone. Ordinarily there exists a counterbalance between these two forces; but if one be destroyed—the internal periosteum, for instance—the force of the external, then increased and single in action, produces an entirely new bone on the exterior of the old bone; and if the external be destroyed, then the internal, in like manner, produces new bone, but on the interior of the old bone.

Thus the internal periosteum, or medullary membrane, is stated to have a formative, or power of production.

M. Flourens, by farther experiments with madder, has strengthened his opinion, that bones are developed by successive or superposed layers.

With regard to the development of bone in length, M. Flourens repeated the experiments, and confirmed the results, of Duhamel and of Hunter. He made two holes in the tibiae of several rabbits, and measured the interval exactly. The space between the holes so measured remained the same, and yet the bone had increased in length 12 millimeters. Hence it appears established, that the increase of the length of a bone is at the extremities by terminal and superposed layers.

M. Laugier wrote, that since the 26th Oct. the new comet which he had discovered had been seen five times—on the 28th and 30th of October, and on the 2d, 4th, and 5th of November. The following parabolic elements represent the observations within 2 or 3 minutes:

Passage at the perihelion, Dec. 1842.	15° 8' m. t. Paris.
Perihelion distance	0.512 "
Longitude of the ascending node	28° 39' "
Inclination	74° 31' "
Longitude of perihelion	328° 22' "

Comet's motion retrograde.

M. Fizeau wrote that he had sought to account for the singular phenomena observed by M. Möser; and he is of opinion that no kind of radiation is necessary to explain them; but he says that they are referable to two facts already well known, namely, 1st, most bodies have their surface covered with a light film of organic matter, analogous to fat and volatile substances, or which are susceptible of being attracted by the vapour of water; 2d, that when vapour is condensed on a polished surface, if different parts of the surface are unequally stained with foreign bodies, even in an extremely small quantity, the condensation occurs in a visibly different manner on different parts of the surface.

Thus, then, if a polished and pure surface be exposed in contact with, or at a small distance from, any body of unequal surface, it will happen that part of the organic volatile matter with which this latter surface is covered will be condensed on the polished one near it, and unequally on the different points, according to the projections or hollows opposed to it; and thus an image will be produced, ordinarily invisible, but to be brought out by the condensation of a vapour. To this point of view, M. Fizeau says, the phenomena, doubtless, present less interest than to that of Möser;

yet the singular part which this organic matter appears to play may lead to a knowledge of its nature and properties, as yet so little known.*

The numbers of pupils in the colleges of Paris for the academical years of 1842, 1843, have just been officially published; and they show an increase of 228 over that of the session which terminated last summer. The numbers are as follow:—

	Boards.	Day-pupils.
College Louis le Grand. . .	515	520
Henry IV. . .	510	537
Charlemagne. . .	760	—
Bourbon. . .	—	1050
Stanislas. . .	250	—
Rollin. . .	380	—

The numbers of the College de St. Louis are not mentioned.

It is stated in the papers that M. Villemain, the minister of public instruction, is ready to bring forward early in the ensuing session his bill on secondary instruction. The main stipulations of this measure are intended to exempt schools from the necessity of educating their pupils upon the precise system laid down by the central authorities of the university; while, at the same time, it will institute a rigorous system of examinations and certificates for all persons who may apply for authorisation to open any place of public instruction. An academical degree will be required of all such persons before they can put their names on the examination-lists.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 10th Nov.—J. F. Stanford, Esq. of Christ's College, and the Rev. P. P. Gilbert, of Magd. College, Cambridge, were admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Civil Law.—C. N. Smythies, Trin. College, grand compounder; W. Robenson, fellow of Magdalen College.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. E. Greene, Rev. W. Richardson, fellows of Magd. College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—R. C. Pattenson, St. Mary Hall.

Masters of Arts.—H. A. Littledale, Brasenose College,

* We have recently received an interesting paper on this subject by Mr. Hunt, and read before the Cornwall Polytechnic Society on the 8th instant. He considers that these surface-phenomena, to which much attention is now directed, are not produced by latent light, but attributes them to thermic influence; and hence has given the name of thermography to what he terms the art of copying engravings, or any printed characters, from paper on metal plates. The effects, he says, are more readily produced by gently warming the plate by passing a spirit-lamp along its under-surface. He experimented first with designs cut in paper, and pressed by glass or copper, the image being brought out by vapour of mercury. The specimens submitted to the society were of a surface of amalgamated copper—the engraving to be copied is pressed into equal contact with the metal by a piece of glass or flat board, and allowed to remain for an hour or two, or a shorter period if gentle heat be employed, but not so as to volatilise the mercury; afterwards the plate is to be treated successively by the vapour of mercury and the vapour of iodine. The former attacks those parts which correspond to the white parts of the engraving; and the latter those which are free from mercurial vapour, and blackening them. Hence there results a perfectly black picture, contrasted with the grey ground formed by the mercurial vapour. The impressions are deep in the metal; and Mr. Hunt hopes that they will be produced of such a degree of permanence as to be used for working on by engravers.—With regard to the phenomena, and to the vapours of mercury and iodine attacking the plate differently, Mr. Hunt is convinced that we have to deal with some thermic influence; and that it will eventually be found that some purely calorific excitement produces a molecular change, or that a thermoelectric action is induced, which effects some change in the polarities of the ultimate atoms of the solid. Thus, at present, there appear to be three explanations of these singular effects:—Möser—latent light and radiation of invisible rays; Fizeau—the presence of organic matter; and Hunt—thermic influence. By following the inquiry as to invisible radiation and thermic action, we think much of high interest is likely to result.—*Ed. L. G.*

grand compounder; Rev. R. H. Gray, student of Christ Church; Rev. J. G. B. Jones, Jesus College; S. H. Northcote, late scholar of Balliol College; J. Walter, Exeter College; Rev. T. E. Dorsville, Worcester College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—F. P. B. Martin, grand compounder; J. Lelsen, Wadham College; J. M. Leir, New Inn Hall; J. C. Earle, C. H. Johnson, St. Edmund Hall; W. Callender, E. East, G. A. Cuxson, F. Sotham, W. W. Melhuish, A. Burder, Magd. Hall; T. Bearcroft, N. Lowe, Queen's College; G. E. Piecope, E. Royds, H. Milne, Brasenose College; H. F. Edgell, E. A. Foster, H. B. Power, Oriel College; E. Mansfield, C. Cox, C. R. Bird, J. L. Prior, A. H. Denby, H. B. Raseleigh, Exeter College; J. D. Coleridge, scholar, F. E. Guise, Balliol College; D. F. Atcherley, D. Akenhead, Univ. College; G. Rawlinson, H. Mallin, St. John's College; W. Merry, Worcester College; W. C. Randolph, J. W. Evans, Trinity College.

The Norrisian Prize.—The Norrisian professor has given notice that the subject for the present year is, "The writings of the New Testament afford indications that this portion of the sacred canon was intended to be a complete record of apostolical doctrine."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

FROM the last No. of the *Cheltenham Looker-on* we learn that the mummy unrolled and lectured upon at the Literary and Philosophical Institution there by Mr. Nash turned out to be much charred; but still some interesting observations were made.

"A leather strap crossed, and had obviously once held down, the inner folds covering the breast. This had been curiously stamped with hieroglyphics; and though now nearly all destroyed, there were yet clearly discoverable on the portions of the strap which remained entire the figures of the god Khem, the Amun Regenerator of Champollion. The head, when denuded of its bandages, was found to be in an excellent state of preservation, and exhibited a rather fine contour; the countenance, especially as seen in profile, being manly and well-defined; a portion of the back part of the skull having been sawn through in order to ascertain the method of embalming the brain, the cerebral cavities were found to be filled with waddings of linen and a rough yellowish dust or powder, the granular and resinous appearance of which left no doubt but that it was originally a richly aromatic preparation; nor had its fragrance wholly departed. The brain itself had evidently been withdrawn through the eyes and nose, the cavities of which were filled with the same composition as that found in the interior of the head. On each of the eyelids, which was drawn close down, was placed an oval-shaped seal or button, about the size of a sixpence, apparently for the purpose of keeping the lid in its place. The skull retained its osseous character, and was from a quarter to three-eighths of an inch thick. The form of the mouth was quite perfect, and the cheeks had fallen in but little. The chest on being opened presented a mass of carbonised and pitchy matter, too hard to be removed without the aid of hammer and chisel, occupying the place of the intestines, which had been withdrawn through an orifice in the side, and through which the bituminous preparation had evidently been injected. This ventral incision was covered with a thin plate of silver, about four inches square, unquestionably the most valuable of the several relics discovered by the unrolling, and which, on examination, was seen to be inscribed with the well-known hieroglyphic of the eye of Osiris. On removing the bandages from the lower portions of the body, the legs and feet were found to be uninjured, even to the toe-nails, which were, when exposed, quite perfect—though so brittle as to require the greatest care to prevent their falling to pieces when handled. Between the legs were deposited a roll of papyrus, a bulbous

root, and six small images of a bluish-green pottery—such as are commonly met with in the Egyptian mummies.* The papyrus was so brittle from decay and carbonisation, that it was found utterly impossible to unroll it, breaking off in small strips at each attempt to do so. These strips, however, on inspection, proved to be covered with inscriptions in the hieratic character, whence it was inferred that the roll contained the great religious rite of the Egyptians. Mr. Nash finally held that the embalmed body was that of a cultivator of the soil. The absence of those rich and costly ornaments usually interred with the bodies of the sacerdotal and warrior castes; the position in which the arms were placed; and the symbol of the god Khem, which appeared on the leather belt, and also on the case in which the mummy was enclosed, were the data chiefly relied upon for this conclusion. The shaven head, as well as the general appearance of the body, shewed it to have been that of a man, though its stature, which was only five feet four inches, had at first induced the thought that the mummy was that of a female."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURE.

IN the *coup d'œil*, in our last No., on the present state and prospects of architecture in England, we happened to omit the mention of the *Oxford Architectural Society*, whose first meeting for the season on Wednesday week, reported in the *Oxford Herald* of the 9th, reminds us of our neglect. At this meeting new members were elected, presents received, and other routine business transacted.

The chairman announced that the members of the Yorkshire Architectural Society, and the Down-and-Connor and Dromore Church Architecture Society, had been admitted to the same privileges as the other societies already in union with the Oxford society. A paper was read by the Rev. W. Sewell, of Exeter College, on the tracery of Gothic windows, shewing its gradual progress, beginning with the plain void openings of the Norman style, and the simple lancet-lights of the early English; then the combination of two lights under one arch, the simple openings in the head to relieve the blank space thus formed, as in the windows of the tower of St. Giles's, Oxford; and the union of three or more lights under one arch, and the blank space in the head pierced with circular openings, and these openings foliated as in the east window of the south aisle of the same church; next the geometrical tracery, as in Merton College Chapel; then the flowing tracery, as in the south aisles of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Aldate's, which is the most perfect period of Gothic tracery, soon degenerating into the perpendicular in this country, as St. Mary's, New College, &c.; and the

* These little figures are representations of—1. Isis, sister and wife of Osiris, *magna mater deorum*; 2. the goddesses Mephtys; 3. Harocris, the elder Horus, the eye of the sun; 4. the Ibis-headed deity, *Thoth*, secretary of the gods; 5 and 6. figures said to be emblems of stability—symbols of the god Phtha.

flamboyant on the Continent, of which form some examples are occasionally found in this country, as a window in Christ Church Cathedral, and another at the west end of St. Mary Magdalene Church. He called the attention of the members particularly to the beautiful proportions of windows generally found in our Gothic churches, and to the want of it in modern imitations; and suggested certain axioms as rules of criticism in the tracery of Gothic windows, illustrated by a large number of engravings and drawings, including the valuable collection of the late Mr. Rickman, now in the possession of the society. Dr. Buckland took this opportunity earnestly to entreat any members of the society connected with the city of Bristol, to exert their utmost influence to prevent the north front of the magnificent church of St. Mary Redcliff, lately thrown open to view, from being again obscured by a mass of brick houses and tall chimneys.

The rescue of some fine monuments, in consequence of the interference of the Marquis of Northampton, was mentioned; and also an effort, by the same noble lord, to preserve some interesting antiquities at Warwick; but whether with entire success or not, as the barbarians were burying brasses and destroying beautiful oak carvings, did not clearly appear.

Cambridge Camden Society.—At a meeting on Thursday week, a very great number of gentlemen (175) were ballotted for and elected. The report of the committee was most satisfactory.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—*Katherine and Petruchio*, played with great spirit on Wednesday evening, was succeeded by the much-talked-of and long-expected revival of Dryden's and Purcell's dramatic opera, *King Arthur*. The representation and the auxiliaries of *Acis and Galatea*, last season, had caused high anticipation of the style and effect to be displayed in scene and mechanical contrivance, for which the union of the natural and the supernatural, and the ceremonies of ancient myth in Dryden's story, afforded a wide field. Anticipation, as almost ever, was not fully realised. The successive scenes did not present the perfect picture, as in the fancied prototype; but still they possessed so much of worth as to embody imaginings exceedingly well. The best in all respects, we think, picture, pomp and parade, was the coast-camp, the Saxon host embattled; and then the rush and roar of war, a moving scene mingled with the living, was really excellent. The next in our estimation, though first in the piece, was the interior of the temple of Woden, Thor, &c. The whole of the sacrificial and propitiatory ceremonies were performed effectively; and the grouping of the *tableaux vivans*, with Graham as *King of Kent* in bold relief, was highly picturesque. Masque and spectacle are called into aid extensively in the second act; but the grand effect lay in the third act, after *King Arthur* had broken the spell of the enchanter. His call to arms, and the manner in which the Britons rushed in response, was full of spirit, and well arranged. The stage was filled with a multitude of warriors; and again a multitude followed to the field; and another; but the shifting scene covered the advance.

So far have we almost exclusively confined our remarks to the management of the operatic spectacle; for to this we think the expectation of the public was chiefly directed: and to such we say, Go, see *King Arthur*. But there are many admirers of Purcell, to whom also we offer

the like advice. "They will hear his choruses finely given, especially the religious chorus in the temple of Woden; and, 'Britons, strike home!' The airs also, and those introduced, were likewise well and sweetly sung by Phillips and by Miss P. Horton. The latter, as *Philidel*, was a delightful personation of the creature of air; and her action developed poetry and grace. Anderson, as *King Arthur*, played as well as the character permitted; and Mrs. Nisbett was an interesting *Emeline*. Our feeling at the conclusion was one of much pleasure; and the public demonstration was enthusiasm.

Haymarket.—The company at this theatre have been augmented by the engagement of Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews, who made their first appearance on Monday evening, in *The School for Scandal*, and were very warmly received by a crowded audience. The comedy throughout was well enjoyed, as it ever will be, even when moderately well performed; and such, with the exception of Farren's *Sir Peter Teazle*, and Mrs. Glover's *Mrs. Candour*, and Vestris's *Lady Teazle*, must be our expressed opinion of the acting on Monday. The chief default we marked was in the *Surfaces* (*Charles and Joseph*); we have seen far higher polish given to both, and each made a more perfect mirror. *The Snapping Turtles*, a *duo-drama*, followed, written by Buckstone expressly for himself and Mrs. Fitzwilliam. We would rather the author returned to his more successful composition, or even adaptation, setting forth the folly of the times; for this piece, as it deserved, was only very partially successful. It was a tissue of absurdities and improbabilities. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, besides their character of the *Timms*, man and wife, played each two other parts, and reversing sex to introduce to the other early and first lovers, to tease and to torment, and making sufficient excuses for absence during the presence of their other selves. It was a poor affair; and its only salvation was the personation of *Arabella Dineaway*, by Mr. Timms: the timid, bashful, downcast look, and then the furtive glance and rolling of the eye, were admirable.

VARIETIES.

The Temple Church, as restored, opens for public worship to-morrow; and will no doubt long continue an object of great public curiosity.

The Temple Church, by C. G. Addison, Esq., author of "The History of the Knights Templars" (pp. 127, Longmans); and *A Glance at the Temple Church*, by Felix Sumnerly (a few pages, Bell and Wood), are among the novelties on our table: the first an elaborate and excellent account of the edifice, and the latter a very slight, neat sketch.

The Jack o' Lantern (le Feu Follet), or *the Privateer, a Story of the Sea*, by J. Fenimore Cooper (3 vols., Bentley), has reached us too late for review in this *Gaz.*; but we may notice, that the first vol. introduces us to a striking American-seaman character, serving with a hardly less striking captain of a French clipper privateer. The date is 1798-9; and the locality Elba and the Mediterranean Sea.

The Post Magazine Almanac for 1843 (W. S. D. Pateman) is really a wonderful sixpennyworth of information: almanac; calendars; useful tables of moneys, weights, and measures, English and foreign; lists of peers and commons; companies; establishments; Post-office regulations; coach-fares; and, in short, a great mass of intelligence and guidance for the year to come, in the most common matters which concern the daily business of life.

Prof. Owen.—None have marked the extraordinary talent and unwearied diligence of Professor Owen, nor recorded his brilliant progress in scientific discovery, and its application to the most useful and instructive purposes, with greater pleasure and admiration than we have, as testified in many a page of the *Literary Gazette*, rendered truly enlightened by the reflection of his labours. We need not say, therefore, with how much satisfaction we have learnt that a pension of 300*l.* a year has been conferred on this eminently distinguished individual. Well has he merited it, with the Faradays of our time; and rich is the nation that possesses such men to reward and honour.

Mr. John Curtis, F.L.S.—We have to state, with great gratification, that, at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, her Majesty has granted a pension of 100*l.* a year to this eminent naturalist, whose *British Entomology* alone, the labour of nearly twenty years, so justly entitles him to the royal favour.

Wellesley Manuscripts, &c.—In pursuance of the will of the late Marquis of Wellesley, upwards of three wagon-loads of books, MSS., and correspondence, &c. were last week deposited in the British Museum.

Geology.—In the "white moss" between Middleton and Failsworth, as we learn from the *Manchester Chronicle*, in the course of making some agricultural improvements, a large number of enormous fossil-trees, oak, fir, and yew, have been discovered at the depth of about six feet. Several of the oaks are said to have been nearly 12 feet in girth and 40 in length; and some of all the tribes of wood are thoroughly sound. A large quantity of the timber of this ancient forest has evidently been on fire; and it is thought in consequence of a natural convulsion, as no signs of human interference are visible, and all the trees are laid in a corresponding direction, either towards the south-east or due east.

Goethe House is about to be purchased by the German nations, to be converted into a museum in honour of the poet's memory.

Progress of Opinion.—J. Simon, Esq., LL.B., of Jamaica, was this day fortnight called to the bar by the Society of the Middle Temple; being the first Jew on record called to the common-law bar, and there being only one before in the Court of Chancery.

Distinction conferred on a Jew.—A Jewish banker (M. Cohn of Antwerp) has been nominated knight of the Spanish order of Isabella. *O tempora! O mores!* the country, in which a Jew some scores of years back could not set his foot without incurring the risk of being burnt alive, now decorates a Jew with an order!

Voice of Jacob.—According to the *Frankfort Journal*, recent excavations in the Street of Fortune, Pompeii, have brought to light some paintings on the walls of great freshness and beauty.

Amber.—A rich mine of yellow amber is stated to have been discovered near Potsdam; and is mentioned as a rare, if not unique, case, as the substance is not of inland growth, and has hitherto been found principally in and on the shores of the Baltic Sea.

Asia Minor.—Among the latest explorations of antiquities in this quarter is a French expedition, under the direction of M. Tessier, to raise the remains of the Temple of Diana Leucopica, in Magnesia; which is stated to have made some interesting discoveries of complete and beautiful columns, with twelve bas-reliefs, admirably executed, and also of statues and other objects, which will greatly enrich the Parisian Académie des Beaux Arts.

Authors, &c.—In 1676 the first book ever printed in New England was published by John Foster. *Mr. Goodrich*, the author of the popular works which go under the name of Peter Parley, is an American bookseller.—*Democratic Magazine*.

The Yankee Writer of "The Glory and Shame of England" announces, as a sequel, "The Condition and Fate of England." His own shame and fate with his first foolish publication might have satisfied him.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Popular Conchology; or, the Shell-Cabinet arranged: being an Introduction to the Modern System of Conchology, by Agnes Catlow, fcp. 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Temple Church, by C. G. Addison, Esq., 8*s.* crown 8vo, 5*s.* cloth.—The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides, with Notes by T. Arnold, D.D., 2*d.* edit. Vol. III. 8vo, 10*s.*—Stories, translated from the German by G. F. Crosswhite, 12mo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Shakespeare, Knight's Library Edition, 8vo, Vol. VI. 10*s.*—The Book of Sports for 1843, 4to, 16*s.*—Macnamara on Nullities and Irregularities in Law, 12mo, 6*s.*—A Glance at the Temple Church, by Felix Sumnerly, 12mo, 1*s.*—Midsummer Eve, a Tale, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Catin's Letters and Notes on the North American Indians, 34 edit. 2 vols. roy. 8vo, 30*s.*—Memoirs of the Queens of France, by Mrs. Forbes Bush, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21*s.*—Expedition up the Niger in 1841: Rev. J. Schon and Mr. S. Crowther's Narrative, post 8vo, 6*s.*—Examples in Arithmetic, by the Rev. W. Foster, A.M., 12mo, 2*s.*—Series of Exchange Tables, by Norberto de la Riestra, fcp. fol. 15*s.*—New Rules and Orders in Bankruptcy and Insolvency, 8vo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Steuil's Pictorial Spelling-Book, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Cruchley's General Atlas, fol. 15*s.*—The Age of Great Cities, by R. Vaughan, D.D., post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Dionysius the Areopagite, with other Poems, by Ann Hawshaw, post 8vo, 6*s.*—The Naval Club; or, Reminiscences of Service, by M. H. Barker, Esq. (The Old Sailor), 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Simple Sketches from Church History, by Mrs. J. Toogood, 18mo, 3*s.*—Parallel History, by P. A. Prince, 2*d.* edit. (3 vols.), Vol. II. 8vo, 21*s.*—The Miscellaneous Poems and Essays of R. Bigsby, LL.D., royal 8vo, 15*s.*—The Voyages of Captain Cook, complete, with Maps and 150 Woodcuts, 2 vols. imp. 8vo, 36*s.*—The Book of British Ballads, edited by S. C. Hall, with 226 Woodcuts, imp. 8vo, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Statutes passed last Session relating to the Office of Justice of the Peace, by J. T. Pratt, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Justices' Hand-Book, by S. Stone, 12mo, 5*s.*—Biblia Ecclesiastica Polyglotta, by F. Hiff, D.D., crown 4to, 32*s.*—The Law of Judgments as they affect Real Property, by F. Pridewe, 2*d.* edit. 12mo, 5*s.*—Chemical Experiments, by G. Francis, F.L.S., 8vo, 6*s.*—History of the British Empire in India, by E. Thornton, Esq., Vol. III. 8vo, 16*s.*—The Bengal Dispensary and Companion to the Pharmacopoeia, by W. B. O'Shaughnessy, M.D., 8vo, 21*s.*—Guide to Hayling Island, Hants, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Meditations on the Second Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, 12mo, 2*s.*—Queen Victoria's Visit to Scotland, by J. Grant, 18mo, 1*s.*—Principles of Effect and Colour, by G. F. Phillips, 3*d.* edition, oblong 4to, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Heart-Breathings, by "Alfred," 32mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1842.

Nor.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 10	From 41 to 50	29.63 to 29.52
Friday ... 11	43 " 55	29.19 " 28.91
Saturday ... 12	40 " 50	29.04 " 28.45
Sunday ... 13	43 " 51	29.45 " 29.22
Monday ... 14	37 " 49	29.62 " 29.69
Tuesday ... 15	40 " 45	29.59 stationary.
Wednesday ... 16	41 " 43	29.66 " 29.79

Wind S. on the 10th, S. by E. on the 11th, S. by W. on the 12th and 13th, N.W. on the 14th, N.E. on the 15th and 16th. Except the morning of the 14th, generally cloudy, with frequent, and, at times, heavy rain. Rain fallen, 2.25 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude, 51° 37' 32" north.
Longitude, 3° 51' west of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. M. G. is informed that his or her request cannot be complied with.

The answers to many correspondents stand over. We are also obliged this week to defer the Letter on S. names by B. A. Oxx; and hope to have an addition to it in our next.

We have no ground for knowing the fact to which "Justice" refers; and it would be dangerous to say a word on presumption, however strong.

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Age.	First 3 Years.	Second 3 Years.	Third 3 Years.	Fourth 3 Years.	Remainder of Life.
20	10 19 1	11 5 6	11 11 1	11 18 4	12 4 9
30	1 6 6	1 14 7	2 2 8	2 10 9	2 18 10
40	1 13 5	2 5 5	2 17 9	3 9 11	4 2 1
50	2 16 3	3 10 10	4 5 5	5 0 0	5 14 7
60	4 8 11	5 17 4	7 5 9	8 14 2	10 2 7

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